Burke's "Sublime" and *The Castle of Otranto*: The Gothic Image and the Novel

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要約

バークの〈崇高〉と『オトラント城』
——ゴシック・イメージと小説の源流——

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18世紀，イギリス小説の誕生と生育の過程には，ゴシック小説ないしはゴシック・ロマンスが深く関わっている。そのエネルギーの源泉は奔放なイマジネーションにあり，さらに，そのイマジネーションをかきたてるイメージには単なる猟奇趣味や恐い物見たさの好奇心ではなく，人間の潜在意識に底から揺さぶりをかける不思議な力のあることを，Walpole 作 *The Castle of Otranto* は雄弁に物語ってくれる。一種，宗教的とも言える，それでいて時にはこっけいなほどふんだんに登場する荒削りで野性的な，この不思議な力に満ちたイメージ群には，当時の美意識，芸術観に多大な影響力をもった Burke の「崇高」("the sublime") 論と共通のものが少なからず見られる。そこで，両者を比較分析する事により，本稿は Burke と *Otranto* の作者の影響関係を探ると同時に，政治家かつ小説家という二つの顔をもつ鬼才 Walpole の厭世的超現実的情熱の謎を解明し，ロマンティシズムの詩とその時代の底流を共有する英国小説の神秘と俗性に思いを馳せるものである。

> The only supernatural Agents which can in any Manner be allowed to us Moderns are Ghosts; but of these I would advise an Author to be extremely sparing. These are indeed like Arsenic, and other dangerous Drugs in Physics, to be used with the utmost Caution; nor would I advise the Introduction of them at all in those Works, or by those Authors to which, or to whom a Horse-Laugh in the Reader, would be any great Prejudice or Mortification. (*Tom Jones*)

Fielding's warning seems so much to the point when we, the twentieth-century readers, confront such works as *The Castle of Otranto* (1764) by Horace Walpole, where an amazing flock of mysterious objects, ghosts, and ghostly sounds appear and reappear to frighten the inhabitants of the castle almost at every move they make.

The scene is medieval Italy. Manfred, the prince of Otranto, a usurper, has arranged the marriage of his son Conrad to Isabella, daughter of the true heir. Just before the wedding a huge helmet falls on Conrad, killing him, and it is pointed out by a peasant, Theodore, that the helmet is like one now missing from a marble statue of Alfonso the Good, a former prince, in the church of St. Nicholas. Manfred gets furious with Theodore for some mysterious reason and imprisons him under the helmet. Manfred says that he will divorce his wife Hippolita and marry Isabella. At this, the plumes of the helmet shake, the portrait of Manfred's grandfather in the gallery comes to life, sighs, and goes into a chamber. Isabella escapes from Manfred through an underground passage to the church of St. Nicholas and is given refuge by Father Jerome. On the way she is frightened by the ghostly sound and wind which blows out her candle, but she is assisted by Theodore who has come down through a crevice in the ceiling which the heavy helmet has crushed in. While pursueing her, Manfred is told by terrified servants that a giant's leg in armour has been seen in the chamber at the end of the gallery.

Father Jerome is ordered to give up Isabella and to behead Theodore, but the monk discovers that Theodore is his long-lost son. Manfred refuses to grant sympathy, when Isabella's father, Frederick, the Marquis of Vicenza, arrives as a mysterious "mute knight" with a hundred knights who carry an enormous sword, which suddenly flies and lands near the helmet where it cannot be moved. In the meantime, Isabella flees from the church. Theodore, too, is set free by Manfred's daughter, Matilda, who has noticed his likeness to the portrait of Alfonso in the gallery, of which she has been so fond, and they fall in love with each other. Isabella and Theodore meet in the woods, but by mistake he fights and nearly kills Frederick, who has come to look for her and tells her who he is.

Manfred tries to persuade Frederick that there should be a double wedding—he with Isabella, Frederick with Matilda. Three drops of blood fall from the nose of the statue of Alfonso in protest. Although Frederick for a moment is tempted by the idea of marrying Matilda, a skelton clad in a hermit's costume appears to remind him of his promise to observe the judgment engraven on the great sabre (a dying hermit has ordered him to dig it from the ground): Where the casque and the sword meet, the place is doomed, and Frederick's daughter is encompassed with its peril but can be saved by Alfonso's blood alone. Frederick in a sober mood snubs Manfred. Matilda is killed by her father who in

a fit of jealousy takes her for Isabella, and the castle is shaken by thunder. The giant Alfonso appears in the middle of the ruins, shouting, "Behold in Theodore the true heir of Alfonso".

Jerome turns out to be Count Falconara, who married Alfonso's daughter (Alfonso was secretly married before he died) and had Theodore by her. Manfred confesses that his grandfather poisoned Alfonso in the Holy Land, and by a fictitious will the grandfather was declared his heir. Manfred and his wife will spend the rest of their lives in the convent, repenting, and Theodore, who long grieves over Matilda's death, eventually marries Isabella who has loved him since he helped her in the underground passage.

Perhaps to our taste the plot is too quaint, the terrifying objects so numerous and in such a great scale as to look ridiculous. However, when we actually read *The Castle of Otranto*, which is generally considered the first real Gothic novel, such abundance strikes us as not merely ridiculous but interesting, even powerful. This is probably due to Walpole's inventiveness and, ultimately, to his fascination with "the sublime". I use the word "sublime" rather than the word "supernatural" for two reasons. First, "the sublime" was one of the most influential terms in the eighteenth-century philosophy which helped the movement towards Romanticism. Secondly, it was an aesthetic term. If "the only supernatural Agents... allowed to us Moderns are ghosts", as Fielding says, then ghosts reflect the Age of Doubt as well as man's fascination with the supernatural, and likewise "the sublime" as an aesthetic term, a subtler, more humanized substitution for the primarily religious terms such as God, the divine, and the supernatural, allows us to experience an adventure in the grey zone, the ambiguous vision between belief and disbelief, the fictional world of imagination.

Edmund Burke, in *A Philosophical Enquiry into the Origin of our Ideas of the Sublime and Beautiful* (first pub. 1757; I use Boulton's edition, 1958), defines and analyzes the idea of "the sublime" in words which accord so well with the images presented to us in *The Castle of Otranto*. In Burke, the idea of "the sublime" is closely related to the idea of "terror":

> ... whatever is in any sort terrible, or is analogous to terror, is a source of the sublime.... (Burke 39)

To explain why this is so, Burke claims that most of the images which give a powerful impression on the mind, whether of Pain or Pleasure, may be reduced to two heads, "self-preservation" and "society", and says :

> The passions therefore which are conversant about the preservation of the individual, turn chiefly on pain and *danger*, and they are the most powerful of all the passions. (Burke 38)

In *Otranto*, Isabella falls in love with Theodore in the darkness because he risks his life to help her while she herself is running away from Manfred for life (or for virginity which means the same thing to her). Theodore falls in love with Matilda when she risks her own life to set him free from the tower where her father has imprisoned him to kill him in a minute. In both cases it is the preservation of the person's life which is at stake and strikes up the strongest physical and emotional passions. Even the serious and

gloomy Frederick finds his passion flare up when he, after being almost fatally wounded by Theodore, is nursed by the beautiful Matilda. In fact, Walpole probably intended to make us believe that Manfred wanted to marry Isabella not so much for power or for carnal pleasure per se but for ensuring the continuity of his family, the "preservation" of his blood, if not of his individual self. There are lines which repeatedly support this view, and it supplies an explanation to the early mystery which we tend to forget in the midst of succeeding mysteries: Why does Manfred, who has been so fond of his son, immediately seem to forget him upon his death and begin to hunt Isabella with furious passion? Reason alone cannot explain his behaviour, though we are later told his ancestor has usurped the castle and that Isabella's family is (or at least seems for a time) its rightful heir. His love for Conrad derives not so much from personal fondness as from desperate passion to make his weakly son the "heir" who produces future heirs. Thus Manfred fights the destiny which, he instinctively acknowledges but does not admit, will shortly terminate the line of his family. This is his strongest fear, bearing strongest passion, which even enables him to master the present fear of terrible objects and ghosts in his castle; his blood runs cold, but he proceeds to pursue Isabella at every risk.

Manfred's passion itself is perhaps supernatural, at least beyond reason. His servants, human and garrulous, are merely frightened to death both by Manfred and by ghosts, with no resulting passion equivalent to his. Their common sense prevent them from approaching or offending the ghosts, despite their master's order and threat. Only Manfred has the will and power to meet the challenge of malicious apparitions. Critics have called him an early "Byronic hero"[1]. I think it is not the wickedness or gloominess of his character but the "sublimity" of his passion which gives us such impression, and its power lies in its power to suspend reasoning.

Again Burke says :

> The passion caused by the great and sublime in *nature* ... is Astonishment; and astonishment is that state of soul, in which all its motions are suspended, with some degree of horror. In this case the mind is so entirely filled with its object, that it cannot entertain any other, nor by consequence reason on that object which employs it. Hence arises the great power of the sublime, that far from being produced by them, it anticipates our reasonings, and hurries us on by an irresistible force. (Burke 57)

Manfred is no tyrant nor villain from the bottom of his heart. In a way he is almost like Macbeth, struggling with human feelings which threaten to obstruct his villainous course. At times he nearly reveals his weakness, such as his warm feeling for Hippolita roused by her unfailing goodness and obedience to him, but he quickly checks the feeling lest it should grow big enough to prevent him from divorcing her. He also has human fears. Still his human feelings are rather tame, whereas his "hot temper", anger and desparation prove irresistible, unreasonable, even murderous. His tragic murder of Matilda, by mistaking his daughter for Isabella, is caused indirectly by his anger which flares up when his purpose looks nearly achieved but is suddenly blocked for the reason

unaccountable to himself. Manfred, "flushed by wine and love", has come to Frederick with an invitation for the evening, expecting their double wedding to be near, but Frederick, having just met the hermit's ghost and suffering from the conflict between penitence and passion for Matilda, is offended at Manfred's mood, pushes him aside, and shuts the door against him most intemperately.

> The haughty prince [Manfred], enraged at this unaccountable behaviour, withdrew in a frame of mind capable of the most fatal excesses. (*Otranto* 103)

Just as he crosses the court, the servant whom he has sent as a spy on Theodore comes and reports that "Theodore and some lady from the castle were at that instant in private conference at the tomb of Alfonso in St. Nicholas's church".

> Manfred, whose spirits were inflamed, and whom Isabella had driven from her on his urging his passion with too little reserve, did not doubt but the inquietude she had expressed had been occasioned by her impatience to meet Theodore. Provoked by this conjecture, and enraged at her father, he hastened secretly to the great church. (*Otranto* 104)

The inflamed mind, ready to feed on imperfect information, produces dark imaginations which fill and blind it to any other thought. Moreover, here Walpole introduces the environment of the Gothic architecture— "the aisles" which Manfred glides through and the "moonshine that shone faintly through the illuminated windows" —which robs the sense of reality but turns shadows and whispers into illusions which deceive him and lead him to an act of madness.

> Gliding softly between the aisles, and guided by an imperfect gleam of moonshine that shone faintly through the illuminated windows, he stole towards the tomb of Alfonso, to which he was directed by indistinct whispers of the persons he sought. The first sounds he could distinguish were—Does it, alas, depend on me? Manfred will never permit our union. —No, this shall prevent it! cried the tyrant, drawing his dagger, and plunging it over her shoulder into the bosom of the person that spoke.... Savage, inhuman monster! what hast thou done? cried Theodore, rushing on him, and wrenching his dagger from him. —Stop, stop thy impious hand, cried Matilda; it is my father! —Manfred, waking as if from a trance, beat his breast, twisted his hands in his locks, and endeavoured to recover his dagger from Theodore to dispatch himself. (*Otranto* 104)

Walpole's use of the words, "guided" and "directed", is ironic. The words which should have been used for the divine light guiding the spirit to eternal life are here used for the dark, vengeful light which directs Manfred to murder his daughter, his own blood, before Alfonso's tomb. In any case, the murder is an act of madness. Even if it were Isabella that he strikes, it would be a madness to kill what has been his hope for the eternal

prosperity of his house, but even that kind of reasoning is preceded by his imagination and jealousy which run too fast for other things to interrupt. The power of illusion or madness pervades the Gothic space, which is shared even by other characters in the scene. Walpole's style, which does not use quotation-marks nor identifies every speaker by name or tone, has an effect almost equivallent to that of some modern novels where the people's conscious and unconscious thoughts loosely mingle with the narrative to weave a dramatic pattern of shared unconscious. If that is too much to say, Walpole's style at least has the advantage of gathering tension around the characters and submerging their personal differences in a common space of madness and terror.

Certainly Walpole does not always succeed. The emotions worked up to magnitude tend to be sentimental, and the abundance of ghostly images, as I mentioned earlier, is at times ridiculous. Yet the passages like the above and the scene where Isabella tries to escape through the gloomy underpassage, experiencing the flights of trembling consciousness at every eerie sound (when the wind whistles through the vault) and in the sudden drop of darkness (when the wind blows out her candle) are highly impressive as reflecting the mystery of human emotions which work beyond the rational control.

When we consider the characteristics of Walpole's style, including his successes and failures, and examine what images inspired his imagination, it is again helpful to consult Burke. Especially concerning the effects of a large magnitude, of height, of rugged or obscure appearance, of uniformity, of succession, of light (and darkness), of sound... and the effect of Gothic architecture, Burke gives a relevant explanation:

> To make any thing very terrible, obscurity seems in general to be necessary. When we know the full extent of any danger, when we can accustom our eyes to it, a great deal of the apprehension vanishes. Everyone will be sensible of this, who considers how greatly night adds to our dread... and how much the notions of ghosts and goblins, of which none can form clear ideas, affect minds, which give credit to the popular tales concerning such sorts of beings. (Burke 58–59)
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> Greatness of dimension, is a powerful cause of the sublime.... A perpendicular has more force in forming the sublime, than an inclined plane; and the effects of a rugged and broken surface seem stronger than where it is smooth and polished.... they afford a large and fruitful field of speculation. (Burke 72)
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> Succession and *uniformity* of parts, are what constitute the artificial infinite. 1. *Succession*; which is requisite that the parts may be continued so long, and in such a direction, as by their frequent impulses on the same sense to impress the imagination with an idea of their progress beyond the actual limits. 2. *Uniformity*; because if the figures of the parts should be changed, the imagination at every change finds a check... it becomes impossible to continue that uninterrupted progression, which alone can stamp on bounded

> objects the character of infinity.... because any difference, whether it be in the disposition, or in the figure, or even in the colour of the parts, is highly prejudicial to the idea of infinity.... On the same principles of succession and uniformity, the grand appearance of the ancient heathen temples, which were generally oblong forms, with a range of uniform pillars on every side.... From the same cause also may be derived the grand effect of the isles [aisles] in many of our own old cathedrals. (Burke 74–75)
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> Mere light is too common a thing to make a strong impression on the mind... lightning is certainly productive of grandeuer... But darkness is more productive of sublime ideas than light.... Extreme light, by overcoming the organs of sight, obliterates all objects, so as in its effect exactly to resemble darkness.... I think then, that all edifices calculated to produce an idea of the sublime, ought rather to be dark and gloomy.... (Burke 80–81)
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> Excessive loudness alone is sufficient to overpower the soul, to suspend its action, and to fill it with terror. The noise of vast cataracts, raging storms, thunder, or artillery, awakes a great and aweful sensation in the mind.... A sudden beginning, or sudden cessation of sound of any considerable force, has the same power.... I have already observed, that night increases our terror more perhaps than any thing else; it is our nature, that, when we do not know what may happen to us, to fear the worst that can happen us; and hence it is, that uncertainty is so terrible, that we often seek to rid of it, at the hazard of a certain mischief. (Burke 82–83)

Burke's style and logic itself is characterized by his sense of contrast, of velocity and of motion. What he says at one moment is apparently contradicted by what he says next, but the reason behind them is persistent: the denial of what is common and explained, and the demand for speculation and almost physical imagination.[2] Thus the contrastive images are joined by a sense of rhythm which provokes the mind and yet leaves plenty of room for imagination to play. His list of "sublime" images does not restrict but stimulates the reader to choose and to test different criteria upon the reader's own senses.

We can find Burke's list of "sublime" images almost in a bulk in *The Castle of Otranto*, just by looking at the previous passage and the climax which follows. For some minutes Manfred is distraught. When he comes to himself, he anxiously looks for Matilda whom others have carried from the spot. On the way he meets Hippolita and Isabella who are in despair.

> As the moon was now at its height, he [Manfred] read in the countenance of this unhappy company the event he dreaded. What! is she dead? cried he in wild profusion—A clap of thunder at that instant shook the castle to its foundations; the earth rocked, and the clank of more than mortal armour was heard behind.

> Frederick and Jerome thought the last day was at hand. The latter, forcing Theodore along with them, rushed into the court. The moment Theodore appeared, the walls of the castle behind Manfred were thrown down with a mighty force, and the form of Alfonso, dilated to an immense magnitude, appeared in the centre of the ruins. Behold in Theodore, the true heir of Alfonso! said the vision: and... it ascended solemnly towards heaven, where the clouds parting asunder, the form of saint Nicholas was seen; and receiving Alfonso's shade, they were soon wrapt from mortal eyes in a blaze of glory. (*Otranto*, p. 108)

The moon at its height, the sudden thunder and earthquake, the astounding noise, the mighty destruction, the castle–ruin, the ghost, its immense magnitude, the parting clouds, the blazing light.... Walpole's imagination plays on and accumulates the very images Burke describes, with the freedom and gusto which modern writers would envy. Walpole's imagination is genuine, except for the last bit about St. Nicholas and a sort of *deus ex machina* which is rather ridiculous. On the whole, he is successful when he is under no apparent stress for moralizing. In other words, he is at his best when he is almost able to forget himself in the fantasy which he creates.

To consider the secret of Walpole's fantasy, it would be worth noting that he wrote this novel in Strawberry Hill, the house which he had bought and remodeled in the pseudo–Gothic style, a sort of "toy castle" or projection of his taste and visions. Its chimney–pieces and doorways were copied from details of the sepulchral monuments illustrated in Dart's *Westminster*, Dugdale's *St. Paul's*, and other topographical works. It had a gallery, vaults, and arched windows, and Walpole was particularly fond of the great stair–case at the top of which he placed an impressive armour he purchased at a great sum. Walpole himself publicly admitted twenty years after writing the novel that Strawberry was "the scene that inspired the author of the Castle of Otranto" (*Otranto* xi) Already in 1765, he wrote to his close friend, Rev. William Cole: "When you read of the picture quitting its panel, did not you recollect the portrait of Lord Falkland all in white in my gallery?" (*Otranto* ix). Those statements, together with Walpole's stress on Strawberry Hill as a "toy castle" (rather than a real one) and his description of its style as no actual imitation of the Gothic ("Rococo rather than Gothic"), suggest the double realities he was aware of both in Strawberry Hill and in *Otranto*. He was the master who deceived and was deceived, willingly and knowingly, by the vision he created around himself.

Talking of deception or of artificiality, I think the idea of "the artificial infinite" is essential to Burke because he is always implicitly asking us to consider whether we can effectively deceive ourselves in such and such a situation, or with such and such an art. Particularly on art he says:

> No work of art can be great, but as it deceives; to be otherwise is the prerogative of nature only. (Burke 76)
>
> *Magnificience* is likewise the source of the sublime. A great

> profusion of things which are splendid or valuable in themselves, is magnificient.... The apparent disorder augments the grandeur... In works of art, this kind of grandeur, which consists in multitude, is to be very cautiously admitted... unless you can produce an appearance of infinity by your disorder, you will have disorder only without magnificience. (Burke 78)

The last thing he says has something similar to Fielding's warning against putting too many gothic images (or "ghosts") into a story. Art fails when it fails to deceive, even if it makes use of many images which are supposedly "sublime". Burke is conscious of this because he is primarily concerned with the *effect* of the sublime. However, he adds that there are "a sort of fireworks" and "many descriptions in the poets and orators which owe their sublimity to a richness and profusion of images, in which the mind is so dazzled as to make it impossible to attend to that exact coherence and agreement of the allusions" (Burke 78). Walpole's novel at its best seems to fit in this categorie. Interestingly, Burke cites from *Henry IV* as an example of such dazzling descriptions, and Walpole was a professed admirer of Shakespeare. It is as if no ordinary rule applies to such a work of art, and the "dazzling" effect implies the blindness of reason, the blurring of distinctions and individual meanings, and the work of the unconscious which carries everything along. It seems that Strawberry prepared the environment where Walpole could almost lose himself and thus release the force of his imagination over which he had only partial control.

How freely Walpole's imagination played is also illustrated by a sort of "automatic" writing he describes in the previous letter to Cole:

> I waked one morning in the beginning of last June from a dream, of which all I could recover was, that I had thought myself in an ancient castle (a very natural dream for a head filled like mine with Gothic story) and that on the uppermost bannister of a great staircase I saw a gigantic hand in armour. In the evening I sat down and began to write, without knowing in the least what I intended to say or relate. The work grew on my hands.... In short I was so engrossed with my tale, which I completed in less than two months, that one evening I wrote from the time I had drunk my tea, about six o'clock, till half an hour after one in the morning, when my hand and the fingers were so weary, that I could not hold the pen to finish the sentence, but left Matilda and Isabella talking, in the middle of a paragraph. (*Otranto* ix)

So the origin of the novel was Walpole's dream, the unconscious release of his imagination fed with "Gothic story" which fascinated him, and the dream was further developed by a more conscious, stimulated imagination which could hover between the actual world, where the clock struck time and his fingers got "so weary", and the world of fantasy where the two heroines were alive and talking.

It is commonplace that *Otranto* influenced both the succeeding Gothic novels in

England and, either directly or indirectly, some Romantic novels in Germany. But we should also remember more modern novelists, including George Eliot, Dickens and Brontës but particularly Hardy and Lawrence, in whose works the Gothic images of the natural sublime (darkness, wilderness, deep water, flood, thunder, lightning, the moonlight...) and those of medieval architecture (the Gothic arch, churches and colleges, the dark meandering passage, the dungeon...) and their modern equivalent play a crucial role in connection with the unconscious, which is normally hidden in the characters but suddenly reveals itself. The revelation may be either painful and terrible, like madness, fury, and passion for death, or pleasing (or painful and pleasing) like the ecstasy which Jude (*Jude the Obscure*) and Will Brangwen (*The Rainbow*) seek in the Gothic architecture. Dreams and love could be either pleasing or painful, or both. Particularly the case of Jude and Will Brangwen is interesting because they are both conscious of the deterioration and outdatedness of medieval churches and college buildings and yet are straining after their effect, partly succeeding, partly failing, and also working at their physical restoration. Although the images are powerful, there is a painful sense of disillusion and doom which spoils the play of imagination at its root. Is this too far off from Walpole?

However, Walpole's Strawberry Hill itself was an attempt of counter-measure against the receding time. Particularly in Hardy's life we find parallels for this. He worked as an architect and acted as a member of the Committee for the restoration of old churches. He was also a great admirer of Burke, whose *Enquiry* shows its influence particularly in *The Return of the Native*. He designed his house at Max Gate to suit his fancy, letting the moonlight pierce into his study. The world of his novels, Wessex, was a product of his fancy overlapping his native Dorchester where he lived half in reality and half in imagination. In fact, he could not really live in the old Dorchester, even if he wished, having come back from London and with his sophisticated emotional and intellectual experiences. Dorchester itself was inevitably changing. Yet its mysterious power was stirred to life in Hardy's imaginative world, without which it is impossible to think of Hardy's fiction. Of course we can find something similar happening in Dickens's London (with its prisons, orphanage, and back-alleys), Brontë's Yorkshire heath, Joyce's Dublin, and even in Lawrence's hunting for Utopia in "other" worlds (Italian villages, Australian bush, Mexico...) and ancient civilization.

In Walpole's case, the word "Gothic" seems to suggest an almost eccentric taste for things queer, not commonplace, and medieval, but we should also notice that his passion was fueled by his desire to escape from reality, particularly from the world of politics which he tried to run, not as Prime Minister like his father but from behind the scene, and was disillusioned by. Thus he wrote to another friend in 1766:

> Visions, you know, have always been my pasture, and so far from growing old enough to quarrel with their emptiness, I almost think there is no wisdom comparable to that of exchanging what is called the realities of life for dreams. Old castles, old pictures, old histories, and the babble of old people make one live back into centuries that cannot disappoint one. (*Otranto* x)

The Castle of Otranto is a masterpiece of a misanthropist. The game was fresh, and the tools were new. He could still forget himself in the joy of playing what he thoroughly knew was merely a game. There was a strong tendency and temptation of misanthropy in Hardy and Lawrence as well; however, belonging to the last part of the realistic tradition, they consciously demonstrated the death of the game, striving to write novels which may destroy the old bridge and create a new one over the gap between reality and unreality. Paradoxically, they perhaps come very close to Walpole in employing the force of the unconscious in the process of writing itself. That makes Walpole seem strangely modern.

NOTES

1 See Devendra P. Varma, *Gothic Flames* (London: Arthur Barker, 1957), 60.

2 Burke gives some physiological explanations for pain and pleasure, including taste, smell, sound and sight. For instance, a large sight is supposed to consist of many points of light which start from the object, impress the corresponding points on the brain membrane, and strain the nerves to join all the points quickly, thus producing pain.

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